

Puck

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"HE THAT ENTERETH NOT IN BY THE DOOR—"



LITTLE CHOICE.

UNCLE HIRAM.—When they talk about the lower branch of the Legislatur' they mean the Assemblymen.

UNCLE ABNER.—Well, I dunno! I think some of the Senators is jest as low.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.—And all this trouble results from the attack on the German missionaries?

LI HUNG CHANG.—Apparently. As soon as Kaiser Wilhelm heard of the attack on the missionaries he got religion.

ANOTHER CHINESE COMPLICATION.

BROWN (*reading the news from China*).—How would you pronounce this name?

JONES.—Liao-Tung? I guess you don't pronounce that;—you yodel it.

FORTUNE MAY knock at a man's door, nowadays, only to find that he has started for the Klondike.



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A DOUBLE EVENT.

MRS. DACEY.—Me da-a-ther Ka-atie 'll be eighteen nixt T'ursday, an' Oim goin' t' giv' her a comin'-out party.

MRS. CALLAHAN (*with sarcasm*).—Pfwy don't yez wait a wake longer 'till th' ould mon's toime 's up on th' Oisland, an' cilibrate bot' comin's out ot wance?

THE WAY OF IT.

HIS STREAM of eloquence pours forth
When Jones turns on the spigot:
"I thank the Lord above all else
That I am not a bigot!"

"For Thompson's views are so absurd,
His grave, I 'd gladly dig it;
And Smith 's a fool, and Brown 's an ass —
Thank God I 'm not a bigot!"

McLandburgh Wilson.

OCCUPATION FOR THEM.

"I wonder what the Arctic explorers will do after the North Pole has been discovered?"

"Well, they can make trips to see if it is still there!"

YOU MAY drive a boy to college but you can't make him think.



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A MILD REQUEST.

ETHEL.—O Clarence! Do you really mean what you say, — that you will do anything I ask of you?

CLARENCE SOPHOMORE.—Darling! — you have heard me swear it.

ETHEL.—Then, dearest, please, *please*, get yourself appointed centre rush on the Yale foot-ball team next year.

PUCK.

PHILOSOPHY.

FIRST BOARDER.—This chicken is not the most tender fowl in the world.

SECOND BOARDER.—No; however, the quality reconciles one to the quantity.

HE LIVED ON THEM.

"Yes," said the bunco man, complacently, as he finished counting the roll which he had received from the hitherto prosperous farmer; "I always did appreciate the good things of life."

A SURPRISE.

CHOLLY.—I nevah let myself think.

SHE.—Well! I never thought of blaming it on you.

IN BOSTON.

THE FIANCÉ.—Forgive me, Minerva! I admit that I was wrong.

THE FIANCÉE.—O Emerson! I am so happy!

THE FIANCÉ.—Yes, darling. I realize that I was very hasty in saying what I did concerning the manners and customs of the early Assyrians.



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RETROSPECTIVE SUCCESS.

DE WITTE.—Queer about a Welsh rabbit.

THE ACTING CHEMIST.—What is queer?

DE WITTE.—The girl who makes it always says it is n't nearly so good as the one she made the other night.

A DILEMMA.

DETECTIVE.—Here 's a mystifying case. Two men represented themselves as plumbers and looted an uptown house.

CHIEF.—Well?

DETECTIVE.—I don't know whether to look for them in the Rogues' Gallery or in the National Plumbers' Association.

CLAWING BACKWARDS.

MISS THIRTYSMITH (*meaningly*).—An Italian proverb says that "honest men marry soon," and —

JACK SWIFT (*solemnly*).—I can not conceal it any longer; — I live in deadly fear of being at any moment arrested for embezzlement!

HE MEANT "ALIAS."

MRS. HONK (*looking up from the county newspaper*).—How does it come that the swindler they've got in jail in town has two names? The paper calls him, in one place, Bill Johnson, and, in another, Walter St. Elmo.

FARMER HONK.—Oh! Johnson is his real name; the other is his Ananias.

SOMEWHAT REGAL, HERSELF.

"She told me I was her king — that I had crowned her life."

"Well?"

"And then she turned around and said she would never speak to me again if I did n't stop smoking."



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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X. — RUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

But, would she aught or would she naught,
This lad would never from her thought.

THE NAME of Ruth Lancaster's father was Daniel, a name which in this free age one does not hesitate to consider undesirable; but everybody in Syracuse, where he flourished, called him Dan. Business men quoted Dan Lancaster's opinions, and in moments of ease they repeated Dan's stories and nineteenth century epigrams. Dan was handsome, robust,

clever, a good fellow, and he made his unlovely name envied even by men with the finest names, like J. Bradley Montague.

At the time Ruth ended her school-days Dan had amassed a fortune by the pleasant mode of making more money than he planned to spend. Then presently he lost his fortune by the easy mode of half-owning two fortunes in a time of panic. His affairs came to a crisis at a time when Ruth was visiting West Point. Perhaps it was on a day when she was walking on the plain there with cadet McVay—for she walked with him many days—that Dan wrote her to return.

Dan did things quickly, as men in their brief time should. He turned his home-

stead over to his creditors, and took a smaller house. The place he gave up was what is called in little cities like Syracuse a "fine old place," and the place he took would probably be called plainly a ten-room house; but Dan took it because it fitted his fortunes, and thought no more of it. But Ruth had invited McVay to call upon her when he arrived at Syracuse on a horseback ride that he and a classmate were to make from West Point into the West after their graduation, and in honor of her good father she would have liked to welcome the young officer in the old home.

Ruth did not tell her father of her invitation to McVay. It was still some weeks before his coming, and she deferred speaking of it until she had shown her sympathy for her father's misfortunes; and then, in the midst of the trouble, the thought of the visit became a sort of blessed secret with her, to atone for keeping which she was doubly thoughtful of Dan, doubly busy with moving into the new house, and doubly interested in the coming wedding of her cousin Maud Lancaster and Lieut. Ainé, of the army. Ruth was not betrothed to McVay; she could have given no reason for being glad at his coming, but she thought of it—as children think of the stars, without knowing what they think; and while she was showing herself a loving daughter and a helpful cousin, there was in the background of her thoughts a picture of a cavalier riding into Syracuse and into the long avenue, looking to right and left.

On the wedding day of the cousin, McVay did come riding into the long avenue in the afternoon when the sun was sinking, and he looked eagerly to right and left, wondering which mansion was a sacred place; and the next morning Ruth saw his name in the list of arrivals at the hotels; but on that next morning McVay rode away, nor did Ruth see him or receive from him one word.

Would it then have shown greater spirit in Ruth to have forgotten him? For days that grew into months and into years she wondered why he had not come.

The only outward change in Ruth in this time was that she was more attentive to her father, good Dan Lancaster. It was astonishing how pretty and cozy she made the little home; and, no doubt, she spent an astonishing sum of money in doing it, but she did not know it and Dan did not feel it.

For Dan, being grown more earnest, became a master of affairs. He made much money for other people and some for himself; and, at the ripe moment in his career, a great sum of money came to Ruth through the will of an old friend of Dan's, a friend whose wealth Dan had greatly increased in former times; and with part of this Dan carried out some of his plans: and, presently, Dan Lancaster was yoke-fellow with business men in Cleveland and Buffalo, and then with business men in Chicago and New York: and these men quoted Dan's opinions and repeated his 19th century epigrams.

And, in the meantime, as far as a young woman might, Ruth continued to think about McVay. In the young the faithful impulse of love is to refer its disappointments to fate and bad chances. Why had McVay gone away without a word to her? She was even sorry for him, thinking that he had been sorry to go. Could it not be that on that evening he was in the city he had seen in the paper the announcement of the *Ainé-Lancaster* wedding—that reading the heading of the column he had thought the Miss Lancaster was herself? That he—had not read farther?

Having a cousin, Almeron Dollett, and this cousin Maud in the army—for in time of peace women are in the army—Ruth sometimes heard of McVay. She learned that he had acted as counsel for Dollett when he was tried by court-martial; that he distinguished himself sometimes by his energy, sometimes by his indolence; that he had gone to Fort Snelling, near St. Paul.

It was four years after McVay rode away that the cousin Maud was on a visit at the Lancaster place in Syracuse; now a fine new place instead of a fine old one.

"Ruth," said this Maud, a fickle young woman who looked out well for herself, "Come with me to Pembina."

"Oh! I wish I could," said Ruth, who did not wish it.

"And now we can go together. They say the valley of the Mississippi is lovely

at this season: you will see Fort Snelling, where cousin Almeron is: and—"

Immediately Ruth wished to take this journey which lay by McVay's fort. She did not think that her wish would lead to her taking the journey, for mortals are taught such lessons in disappointments from the time they reach out for the yellow

moon, that the very fondness of a desire will check the hope. But Maud asked Dan if Ruth could go, and Dan, finding that it pleased Ruth, insisted on her going. This showed Dan a good father: for, as for himself, he would not have gone to Pembina if the place had been given to him.

Ruth was going on a pilgrimage. It did not occur to her to make a plan by which she might see McVay, but she took interest in selecting a becoming dress for the trip, for it is a consolation attending immutable resolutions that there may be awaiting one in the future the necessity for changing them.

One day the uncertain journey began. Maud and Ruth took the train

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)



THE RESULT OF NEGLECT OF DUTY.

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THE PLUMBER'S APPRENTICE.—De boss said as I was t' git dis furnace over to de house while de fire wuz good an' hot; but yer kin bet yer life I don't miss dat fancy skatin'!



"Dat felly kin do stunts, y' bet!"



"He 's de outer-sightest guy I ever seed!"

THEIR PECULIAR STYLE.



ROUND ONE.—As the gong sounded, McHugh rushed at Sullivan and landed a light one on the Spider's chin. In return the Canuck got two on the ribs that staggered him. After some cautious sparring, the Kid swung his right, viciously, but the Hoboken boy side-stepped and landed right and left on Mac's face and neck. Then they clinched. In the break-away Jimmy uppercut and sent Johnny's head back. Sullivan then jabbed two hard lefts on the stomach and jumped back in time to avoid a vicious right swing. Sully rushed and put James against the ropes, but—Are you thoroughly bewildered, gentle reader?

We suppose you would like to know how many participants there are in this prize-fight. Twelve? Not on your life—there are only two:—James McHugh, otherwise known as the Canuck Kid, and John Sullivan, the Hoboken Spider.

We are indebted to the modern sporting writers for the style used in the vivid description of round one.

HAVE TO EVEN SWALLOW THEIR CHAGRIN.

LISTENER.—Provisions get pretty scarce up in the gold fields sometimes, I suppose?

RETURNED KLONDIKER.—Scarce? I should say so! Why, many 's the time I 've seen men put one of those old-fashioned fried cakes all in their mouth at once so as not to lose the hole!

AN EXCEPTIONAL OUTBREAK.

"Say! Three-spot, old boy!" remarked Fido; "let 's go down street and lick that yellow dog that moved in yesterday."

"No," answered Old Dog Tray, virtuously; "my master told me not to leave the yard." The idea of being tempted to disobedience aroused his indignation, and moved him to an unwonted force of expression. "He told me not to go away," he repeated, "and I 'll be dog-gone if I do!" he sternly added.

He was not usually profane.

IN DOUBT.

GLADYS.—Do you think Charley means business?

MAY.—I can't tell yet; but I 'm afraid he only means poetry.

DESERVED.

"He married her because she was wealthy, and she has led him a merry chase ever since the wedding."

"He is getting a run for his money, then."

THE SUCCESSFUL candidate for office always feels that right will triumph.



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FAR SAFER.

MRS. JOHNSON.—Ain't it terrible, de sickness dat 's goin' around nowadays?

MRS. JACKSON.—Yais indeed! I wuz jess telling my husband dat a pusson wuz safer off dead dan alive.



"Dere ain't no flies on him; dat 's right!"



"— !!! — !!! — !!!"

PUCK.



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A MATTER OF TASTE.

CADDY.—I don't see why folks play golf so much in the Summer.

GOLFER.—Why should n't they?

CADDY.—Well, if I was independent rich, I'd never play golf when I could take in a ball game.

"*De gustibus non disputandum*," as the Chicago man said when he heard that somebody was going to marry his divorced wife.



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DID N'T CARE IF HE DID.

THE HOST.—Now, shall we join the ladies?

COLONEL BIBBER (*of Kentucky*).—Well, 'I reckon I kin stand a few mo' sah! What are they drinkin'?

AN AMENDMENT TO THE CODE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Of course, a man is entitled to his opinion—

SECOND CITIZEN.—Of course; and if he's a politician, he's entitled to as many kinds of opinion as he may need in his business.

THE LAUGH.

Zeus, the master of high Olympus, was reminiscent to-night.

"Thereupon," he was saying, "man came to me and asked me to give him something to lighten his sorrows."

"Yes?" remarked Pallas Athena, interrogatively, as she chalked her billiard cue.

"Yes," continued the hurler of thunderbolts; "and I gave him the laugh."

NOT SO REMARKABLE, AFTER ALL.

DE SAPPIE.—I believe my dog knows as much as I do.

SHE.—I've seen smarter dogs than that.



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ONE EXCEPTION.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Tell me what a person reads and I can tell you what he is.

THE DYSPEPTIC.—Not always. There's my wife, for instance; she is always reading a cook-book.

THE PHILOSOPHER (*confidently*).—Well?

THE DYSPEPTIC.—Well, she's no cook!

FOR OLD BACHELORS TO LAUGH AT.

"When is the proper time to marry?"

"When you have n't enough worry."

IT HOLDS ITS OWN.

Though man may conquer all disease,

And plagues no longer scare,

The cyclone still remains an ill

To which all flesh is air.

AN EXPLANATION.

"Papa," said the boy, "when you say in your advertisement that your goods are acknowledged by connoisseurs to be the best, what do you mean by connoisseurs?"

"A connoisseur, my boy," answered the great manufacturer, "is an eminent authority—an authority, in short, who admits that our goods are the best."



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHERE THE **MR. HANNA** TOOK his election to mean that an all-BLAME LIES. wise God reigns over the universe, and very naturally his deep religious nature is shocked by those blasphemous atheists of the Ohio Legislature who are seeking to discredit God's methods. Naturally, too, he seems to have spared no expense to defend his Patron before an unregenerate people. Of the vindication which he will probably secure, it may be said as Senator Chandler is reputed to have said of his election, "It is a victory for sound money." Mr. Hanna's money is just as sound as there is to be had; and God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

These spirited bribery tournaments seem to be much enjoyed by the people of the States where they are held, quite as if they had nothing at stake in the contest. And later, when they find occasion to protest at the behavior of some Senator who bought his seat in their plain sight, they still act as if they had never had any say in such things as elections of Senators. They act, indeed, as if they counted upon outside help to protect them from their own Senators. Pennsylvania, for example, sends M. S. Quay regularly to the Senate. Mr. Quay's reputation for being everything that is bad in politics is absolutely unblemished. Pennsylvania approves of him, however, and what can a President do but take Pennsylvania at its word? Yet when President McKinley does Pennsylvania the honor of accepting its Senator's recommendation in the matter of an appointment, Pennsylvania professes to be shocked. "The President must know what a disreputable fellow Quay is," it says, as if Quay were some-

body from Montana or Texas, — anybody except a United States Senator from Pennsylvania. In the matter of a Consul at Matanzas, the Philadelphia *Ledger* asks: "But what do the sober-minded Republicans of Pennsylvania think of their humiliation in being represented abroad by a greedy fee-grabber, who was sternly rebuked by the Republican governor for his obnoxious conduct?" The answer is, that so long as the sober-minded Republicans send M. S. Quay to the Senate they can not consistently nor with any self-respect be offended if the President assumes that Mr. Quay is a man worthy of trust in the matter of Federal appointments from his State. The people of Pennsylvania can not go guiltless of Quay and Quay's defects, nor can the people of Ohio acquit themselves of the offence of Hanna and his ways and means.

BE LOGICAL, MR. DINGLEY. THE REPUBLICAN PARTY has a fine chance to show that it has the courage of its alleged convictions. It claims that its tariff protects our labor, and enables the manufacturer to pay high wages. Affairs in our greatest manufacturing district show that this system is either defective organically, or else imperfectly applied; for labor in that district, at the close of a year unusually rich in natural products and under a properly certified tariff, is forced to idleness and starvation. This tariff unquestionably "enables" the manufacturer to pay high wages. With equal force it may be said that it enables him to throw money at the carolling birds in the tree-tops. But he is also "enabled" to do other things which, up to date, he has found more to his liking. So far he has bought his labor just as anybody buys anything — except at church fairs — that is, as cheaply as he can get it. As to the tariff protecting labor, if it is capable of any such thing, it has not been rightly applied, for labor, as we know, has come to a bad pass. "The pauper labor of Europe" is what the tariff assumes to protect our labor from, chiefly; but the present state of affairs shows that this does not suffice. The American laborer must be protected from the cheap labor of his own country. Until this is done we shall keep on seeing an apparent suspension of natural laws: the reduction of wages under a law that "forces" them to rise.

Mr. Dingley and his Republican brethren may be incredulous, and it does n't have quite the right stump-speech ring, but it is just exactly as painful to be starved to death by pauper labor in Georgia as by pauper labor in England or Germany; and it is the discovery of this interesting fact in physics that will eventually force the Protectionist to be logical or to quit being anything at all. To-day New England must be protected against the South or lose her manufacturing supremacy. One State must be protected against all other States, one city against its neighbor. What good is it to save New England from Europe, if Dixie is to destroy her? Is your system right, Mr. Dingley? If so, you have got to extend it if you want to save it.

PARADOX.



HE MAN who treasures up his speech —
To cite a general rule —
Is either a philosopher,
Or else he is a fool.

The man who talks and talks and talks
Belongs to the same class;
He's wiser, even, than a sage,
Or else he is an ass.

Arthur Howard Blair.

HIS ETYMOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION.

CUMSO.—Is Governor Pingree, of Michigan, a gold bug?
CAWKER.—I always understood that he was a potato bug.

THE GREAT INCENTIVE.

JINKS.—Do you believe the North Pole will ever be reached?

FILKINS.—That's hard to tell. If it could only be quietly given out, however, that the Klondike mother-lode ran directly in that direction, there'd be no further trouble.

IN THE KLONDIKE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—That lady journalist who just came in from the States seems to be an authority on economy.

SECOND CITIZEN.—How is that?

FIRST CITIZEN.—She has an article in the *Chilkoot Courier* on "How to Live on Twelve Hundred a Week."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

FIRST POPULIST.—I dunno about lettin' a railroad president serve on the Grand Jury.

SECOND POPULIST.—But he's refused to serve.

FIRST POPULIST.—What! He ought to be put in jail, by gum!

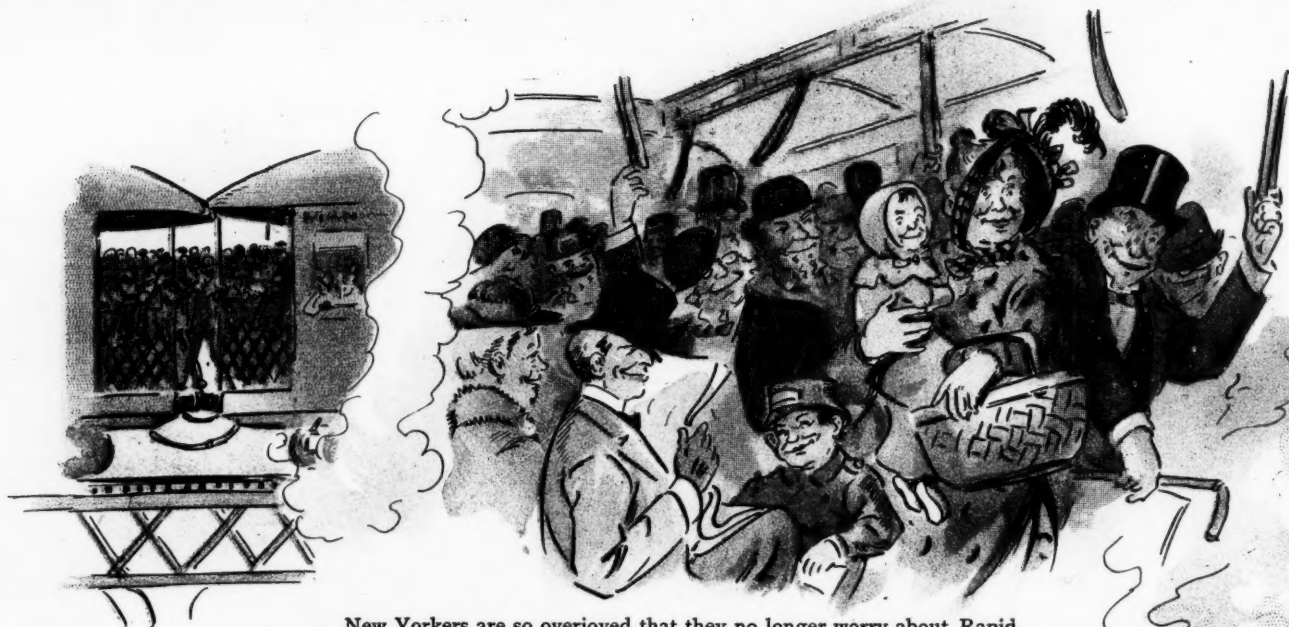


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WHERE THE DIFFERENCE LAY.

HOGAN (watching the golfers).— Oi don't see anny difference bechune thot an' wor-rk.

DACY.— Yez don't, eh? Well, yez would whin pay day kim around, begorrah!



New Yorkers are so overjoyed that they no longer worry about Rapid Transit. A ride in the cattle cars of the Elevated road is pure delight.



Even the European farmer is delighted that his own crop failed, and joyfully pays a high price for American wheat.



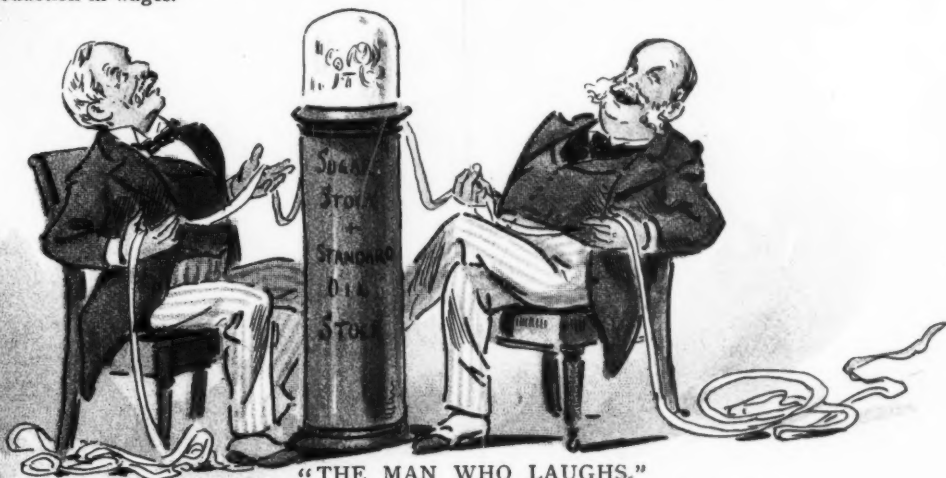
The retail merchant beams with glee because he no longer has large crowds of customers to bother him.



HAPPINESS IN HANNA: — God reigns and the Re



The employer and his workmen — both are tickled to death over the reduction in wages.



"THE MAN WHO LAUGHS."

The Trust magnates think Dingley is the greatest benefactor mankind has ever known.



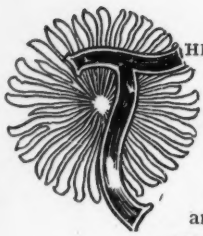
HAPPINESS IN OHIO.
The Republican Party still lives.



Tammany admits that Dingley has done wonders.

— IT HAS MADE EVERYBODY HAPPY.

TWO VEXED PROBLEMS.



HERE ARE six or seven things in this world, of which we do not know the why or wherefore; they are inscrutable mysteries, and that is why we are always taking a shy at them. Take the matter of a 32-calibre pistol, for one instance. Why is it that all murders are committed with a 32-calibre pistol? And why do suicides prefer that calibre to all others? If a man is about to get away with another man or a family in a homicidal manner, what difference does it make to him or the victim what calibre is used?

But it seems to be very important. The murderer goes off and buys a 32-calibre revolver. Nothing else will satisfy him. He must have his 32-calibre, even if the victim stands a chance of escaping, owing to the delay. One would think he would take the first revolver that came handy, and blaze away with it, but he never does. If the statistics could be collected, no doubt it would be found that a large percentage of persons escape assassination because the other fellow has forgotten his 32-calibre revolver.

In the matter of suicides, the problem is equally perplexing. Every day we read of people who shuffle off the mortal coil in the most singular manner—gas, rope, carbolic acid, rough on rats, river—there is no lack of diversity. But when the suicide resorts to the pistol he must have his 32-calibre, or else he won't shoot. One would suppose that any old pistol would answer the purpose; but no! If he has only a few dollars in the world and has n't had anything to eat for a week,



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HE FINDS CONSOLATION.

"And so my old flame, Lottie Lightfoot, has become a queen of comic opera! To think that I might have married Lottie ten years ago! Ah! if I had—if I had! Oh, well! if I had, it is n't at all likely that we'd be married now!"

as spurious at once. Sometimes these jumps are made on roads that never run a special faster than twenty-eight; but when the criminal gets ready to jump some one gives a tip to the engineer, and he hits up the speed to forty. That must be the explanation of it.

It is rather strange that these two problems have never been brought before the Society for Psychical Research, or the Annual Convention of Press Clubs.

Sidney.



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HER FAMILY.

OLD RESIDENT.—An' how many childer hov yez?

NEW NEIGHBOR.—Foive;—t'ree by me husbind's foirst woife, an' two by me foirst husbind's second woife.

off he goes and buys a 32-calibre revolver. I used to think that there was only one calibre made, but I have learned that there are 22, 30, 38, 40, 44 and 50. That makes it more mysterious. Yet 32 is not divisible by 3 or 7, which are well-known mystic numbers, and much affected by cheap authors.

Then there is another mystery. Why do all the malefactors who are being brought to custody in the charge of a sheriff or his deputy, jump off the train when it is going at the rate of forty miles an hour? Why not jump off when it is going twenty miles an hour?

Is there a syndicate or trust in this? Have all the advanced criminals taken a vow to jump off trains going forty miles an hour? Of course, if they have taken a vow, they must keep it at any peril. We will leave it to Anna Katherine Green if a vow is not binding at any risk of life or limb. The possibility of a murderer breaking a vow is inconceivable.

I do not pretend to have discovered these mysteries. They must have been a puzzle to editors time out of mind; but they are helpless in the matter. The reporter says it was a 32-calibre revolver, and it has to go into the paper that way; and if a dispatch came telling of a criminal jumping off a train going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it would be branded



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CLAIM DISALLOWED.

MISS JONSING (in background).—She calls herself a oct'roon.

MISS BLACK (scornfully).—A oct'roon! So am de ace ob spades a oct'roon!



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A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

FIRST BULLDOG.—It's hard to tell what to do in a case like that.
SECOND BULLDOG.—That's it! There I was, holding on to the man's coat-tails and afraid if I let go to get a better grip he might get away altogether.



THE HISTORY OF RAPID TRANSIT.

THERE IS some doubt as to the origin of the movement.
Some say that, once upon a time, a weary traveler, tired of listening to the monotonous jingling of the bells on the car-horses, suddenly jumped to the conclusion that it would be a good thing if a man could get uptown more quickly.
Others claim that the idea occurred to one of the jaded car-horses, who figured that if steam or electricity should take the place of animal power, he would probably be shot — a consummation which he devoutly wished. However this may be, the Rapid Transit movement was born.

Years passed away.
From small beginnings, the agitation grew until, at last, the people howled for Rapid Transit.

Years passed away.
It was determined to submit the question to a popular vote. And the People — the Sovereign People — rose in their might and imperiously demanded Rapid Transit.

Years passed away.
A Commission was appointed.

Years passed away.
Another Commission was appointed.

Years passed away.
And years passed away.

IN THE MUSEUM.

THE PROFESSIONAL FASTER. — Yes'm; I don't eat nothin' for weeks at a time.
AUNT ABBY. — Goodness! Think of a man makin' a livin' by starvin' to death!

IN THE LINE OF PROGRESS.

"Some 'doctor claims that the stomach can be removed without injury to the patient."
"Yes? I wish he'd find out how to remove the snoring apparatus of some of the folks who snore."

THE ACTION OF GERMAN SCHOONERS.

"If Germany and China should go to war," remarked De Soaque, "I shall watch the struggle with considerable interest."

"Why so?" inquired Knobson.

"Well, it might afford an opportunity to compare the relative effects of tea and beer on the human system."

UNFAIR DISCRIMINATION.

"Salvation is free!" exclaimed the preacher.

The deacon stroked his long, white beard.

"An' that man," he murmured, "is dead ag'in doing anything for silver."

He shook his head mournfully.

WELL EQUIPPED.

"Has your son a good head for business?"

"I think so; he is getting bald, and his favorite occupation seems to be going to vaudeville all the time."

HAMPERED GENIUS.

"We discussed your poems to-night, and Hobson, the critic, gave the reason why they were not more popular."

"What was it? The decline of poetic sensibility?"

"No; he said he was sure your rhyming dictionary had typographical errors in it."

WHEN AN old maid marries and her husband dies, she becomes a young widow.

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Then wash out the lather, first
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SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

an afternoon in October when the sun was shining on the frost's color-work. In the glamour of the season they rolled away towards the West, the wheels of the car marking the cadence of the speed as they tapped the ends of the rails. Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap, through the brown fields and skirting hills crowned with red and yellow. Sometimes the wheels put in two strokes in the time of one as if to show that they would have their way. Listening to the wheels doing as they would, made Ruth feel as if she were in the hands of her fortune. Maud liked change: she said suddenly: "I believe I will wire Mr. McVay to be at the Snelling station."

"You will?"

"And he will bring others: it will be jolly."

"Would n't it? Who else is there?"

"Oh! you can't tell!" said Maud.

"Perhaps it would be better to wire Cousin Almeron, and have him bring McVay."

Ruth could not think of a reason which she might urge against Dollett's bringing McVay; but she was so contented at this, that she strove to think of one. "We shall stop but a moment: we ought not to ask him to come to the station."

"It's only a step," said Maud, indifferently.

When Ruth was in her berth that night she did not fall asleep quickly. It seemed as if some of the old bad chances were turning to good ones. She listened to the wheels doing as they would. Perhaps now, if McVay but walked down to that station, and met her train as it halted there—she had a vivid fancy of the station and of McVay looking down the shining track.

When it was day again the train was approaching Chicago. Very likely Maud would send the message from Chicago. Ruth thought

of this message as a thing to be controlled by destiny. And when she and Maud walked through the Chicago station, Ruth wished—for wishing in silence could have no effect—that Maud would see the telegraph wicket, and be reminded; but Maud made no pause. And during the day spent in the city, though there were telegraph offices in the hotel and all about, which one could not help seeing, Maud did not speak of the message. Then Ruth thought, "It is better that it should not be sent;" and she was quite happy.

But when they went to the station late in the evening, and all about them was night and strangeness, it was different. For what the day for its dignity smiles over, the night for its loneliness sighs for; and Ruth would have been glad to think of the message as speeding away in the darkness before her. "We will pass the Fort at two to-morrow," she said suddenly; "had you not better telegraph now?"

"In the morning will do." Ruth's courage had fled before the answer came; and that night it seemed as if the wheels had returned to their iron nature.

In the morning there were seen to be in the seats opposite Maud and Ruth's, three ladies, two of them young and pretty, who were chatting so gayly that for lack of employment one might remark them.

"Why," said Maud, "they are talking about Fort Snelling." "Yes," Ruth had noted that. "Why," said Maud again, "those are Colonel Birdseed's daughters." "Not Birdseed," said Ruth. "Why, certainly," said Maud, who knew of nothing ridiculous belonging to rank; "they must be going to Snelling."

It seemed to Ruth a wonderful thing to be near this party bound for McVay's post. Very likely they had known him, had seen him daily. Yet she had an instinct that they could tell her nothing of McVay; and they could not. It is only a friend's eye that can see how it is with a friend. You have been absent from a good fellow for years, and then have met a man who has lately been with him. You think with delight of questioning him. You want to know if your friend still makes subtle points in his stories; if he looks at one soberly when he is intoxicatingly gay; if he does things in which you and you alone can read that he remembers you. And you say, as if you sipped wine from a bottle put away in a merry old time: "So—you—have been three years—with Jim; how is Jim?" "Oh! I guess Jim's all right." He has n't been with Jim. Unless you meet Jim, no one can tell how it is with him. And sometimes you meet Jim, and he has changed, and he can not tell you, either, how it is with Jim. Feeling how little these people could tell her of McVay, Ruth desired the more to see him, herself. When she and Maud returned from breakfast, they passed a little rack hung at the side of the car, holding telegram

blanks. Ruth saw them, but she thought she was content when Maud passed on. When they were in their seats, Maud said suddenly, "Now, the message."

She had the porter bring a blank. "I will not be glad," Ruth said to herself; but even then she heard the old mellow voice in the wheels. The message grew long, and Maud was not careless of money spent in arranging meetings with friends. "Oh! you write it," she said to Ruth; "I am going to introduce myself to these Fort people."

Ruth laid the blank down upon the seat at her side. She could not send the message. She had been wrong enough in wishing that Maud would send it. But to let all the fancies fade that had been born with the tapping of the wheels, and that had grown bright with the glow of the Autumn woods! Adventuring here into this strange country, how could she pass the gates of the fort without a word? "He was so friendly to me. He was good to Cousin Almeron." She took up the blank. "He came to Syracuse as he said he would." She looked at the paper, and loved it. She thought of the fort and of McVay unconscious of her coming. She pictured Almeron giving him the message, and tried to see by McVay's face if he were pleased. But would she not lose some of his old respect? * * * She told the porter there was no message.

"Did you send it?" asked Maud. "It makes no difference.—Come and see these people. They will be met at the station by a number of officers, anyway."

At St. Paul, the two parties, now forming one, went out and boarded the train that was to pass the Fort. The Colonel's daughters and their guest kept on their outer wraps; their bags were closed and ready. The train pulled out, ran along the river, crossed the bridge, and headed toward the Fort. Some one said, "it's only three miles, now." There was no promise, but only hurry in the wheels as they beat the ends of the rails, but it seemed to Ruth, thinking incoherently, that if McVay should be there at the station, and they should see each other even for an instant, she would know if he were—friendly. The porter took the bags. Ruth's hands were cold; she felt the chill as she closed them. When the others went down the aisle, she sank into a seat at the open window. The train was stopping. A little ahead she saw an officer on the platform,

another, a group. The car passed them, and stopped; the wheels were still. She heard exclamations. Inside the car all was silent. Outside she saw the officers with their strong, tanned faces. To her they were strangers, who in their strange dress looked more strange. Only as the train was moving away she saw McVay. In this strange place, and in his strange dress, he seemed only the better known. Even in the instant when she was glad to see him well and strong, even in the instant when she was disappointed to see him careless and content, even while she thought to call his name and trembled upon the thought, longing yet fearing to meet his eyes, he turned and saw her: and, seeing her and gazing upon her, his face changed as if he suddenly encountered, in a far place, the apparition of some old happiness. He started forward, still looking upon her. In dreams of dear things lost, though known as dreams, the dreamer hastens on, coveting the dream's immaterial happiness. He spoke stammeringly, saying, "Mrs. Ainé," with a voice from the present that he wished not to hear, but he looked at her with unwavering eyes from the past. They missed grasping hands, and that was like a dream; but Ruth's hand remained extended, and she returned his earnest gaze, hastening, in fear, to send a little smile to shield its tenderness.

For the instant that remained before the car swept around the bluff, she looked back at him—with more kindness than would have been necessary for the sending of a simple telegram. She had seen that he was—friendly; she had heard him call her by the name that was not hers. She put her head down on the window-sill, and cried. Presently she heard the wheels again playing a pleasant tune.



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GREAT EDITOR.—They have just introduced a new-fangled electrical chair at Sing Sing prison, but I have learned there are doubts of its efficiency; in fact, some experienced electricians say it will not kill. Detail a reporter to try it. If he escapes it will be the biggest kind of a sensation.

CITY EDITOR.—But what shall I do if it does kill?

GREAT EDITOR.—Get a new reporter.—*New York Weekly.*

SHE (reading).—Mice are fond of music, and will get as close to it as they can. HE.—Just cut that out, and I'll send it to the girl in the next flat.

—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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TEN CENT CIGARS
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Embroidered and Appliqué Robes.
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"YES; there is plenty of room at the top, 't is true," said the parental fish to its offspring; "but I'd advise you to stay down where you are."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If Mary Ellen Lease should get elected to Congress, Tom Reed would have a formidable rival for Speaker of the House.—*Norristown Herald.*

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Angostura Bark Bitters
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5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.
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AUTHOR (loftily).—Y-a-a-s! But I had to cut out the drinking song.

FRIEND.—Cut it out? Heavens! Why, that was one of the prettiest things in it!

AUTHOR.—I know; but it was so realistic and convivial that every time it was rendered three-fourths of the male portion of the audience got up and went out for a drink.

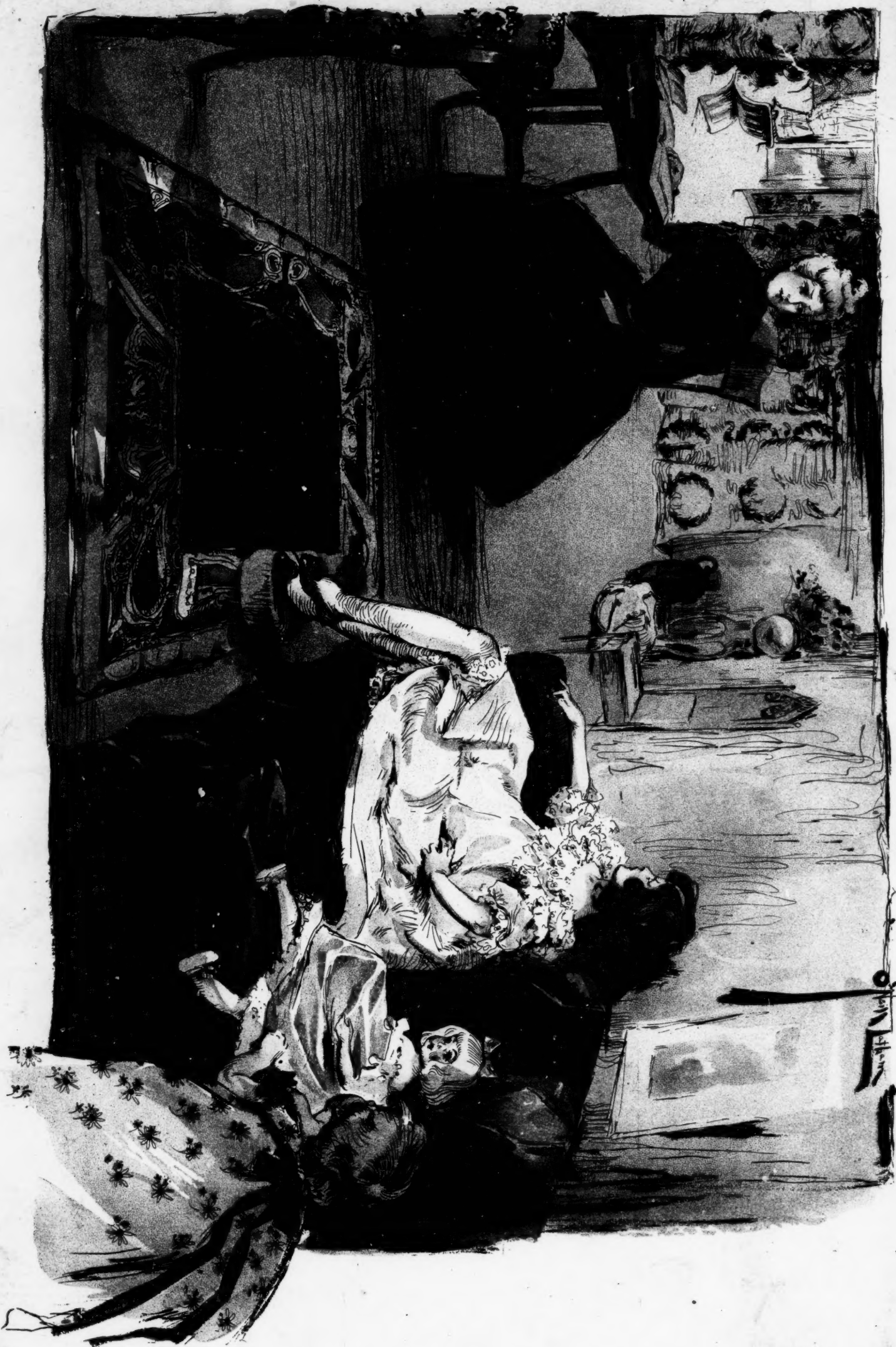
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